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The Ross songster

London

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Master Negative Storage Number: OC100039.19**

Control Number: ADE-5993

OCLC Number : 27596483

Call Number : W PN970.E5 ROSSx

Title : The Ross songster.

Imprint : London : Pattie, [18--]

Format : [16] p. ; 20 cm.

**Note : "This Number comprises a Choice Collection of rare and
Original Songs, as Sung by that Popular and Eminent
Vocalist, W.G. Ross!!"**

Note : Cover title.

Note : Running title: New and favorite songs.

Note : Running title also appears as: New and favourite songs.

Note : Without music.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

Added Entry : Ross, W. G.

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Film Size: 35mm microfilm

Image Placement: IIB

Reduction Ratio: 8:1

Date filming began: 8/31/94

Camera Operator: AR

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Price One Penny.

THE

ROSS SONGSTER.

This Number comprises a Choice Collection of rare and Original Songs,
as Sung by that POPULAR and EMINENT VOCALIST,

W. G. ROSS!!

N.B.—Many of these Songs are Copyright, never before Published.

CONTENTS.

A Spicy Girl who Sought for Swells.
Beautiful Biddy of Sligo.
BABES IN THE WOOD.
BOBBY WHITE and BETTY BROWN.
Come into the Garden Maud.
Dining Out Upon a Christmas Day.
EVER THAT FLEA.
EVER OF THEE.
Faithless Nelly.
Fair Shines the Moon To-night.
Home, there's a Storm.
I'm Going for a Soldier, Jemmy.
I'M LEAVING THEE IN SORROW, ANNIE.
My Wife Likes a Drop of Good Beer.
Mrs. JOHNSON---New Version
MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.
NOTHING MORE.
One Bottle More.
O'er Heaven's Blue Vaulted Canopy.
PARODY on "WHY DID SHE LEAVE HIM."
PHOEBE, DEAREST.
Poor Bill and his Rickety Head.

Soft as Zephyrs Dying.
The Soldier's Widowed Bride.
THE WHISTLING THIEF.
The Old, Old Story.
THE POWER OF LOVE.
The Fisherman's Daughter.
THE YOUNG RECRUIT.
The Sunny Hours of Childhood.
THE POETICAL TINKER.
The Last Rose of Summer.
The FISHER GIRL'S WATCH
The Other Side of Jordan.
THE FAMILY FAILINGS.
The Merry Men of England.
THE CADGER.
The Soldier's Reward.
THE DEMON STRANGER.
The Martial Wife; or, White Sergeant Drill.
THE JOLLY BLACKSMITH
The Sailor's Ribbon.
TOM BILKINGS.
Village Maids.
We are Coming, Sister Mary.
We'll Go to Church to-morrow Fanny

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF SLAGO.

My father and mother were gentlefolks,

But all their affairs did awry go.
Because they could not make the whiskey
shop do,

In the beautiful city of Sligo,
The trade went on so badly,
They both fretted sadly.
My father look'd down, and let many a
sigh go.
For beauty my mother,
There warn't such another,
In the whole county of Sligo.

Spoken—Och, to be sure we was a fine family. There was me and my sister Teddy—and Phelim and my brother Judy, and my uncle Thady, and the ould cow—and the young sow, and thirteen pigs, and Cowley the dog and the Tom cat and her three kittens, all round tha table together, wait-ing to be served with prates and buttermilk.

'Silence!' (says my father), who says grace?—'Bow-wow,' says the cat. 'Mew,' says the dog. Grunt, says the cow. 'Faith,' (says my father) though you are all my children, and gentlefolks born, devil a bit of manners is there amongst ye'—'Oh, Mother (says Phelim) there's a little pig run away wid my prates.' 'Never mind, my jewel, he'll burn his mouth, and then he must drop it.—Week-ek!—There, I told you so. Saved you right—you should keep your hands from picking and stealing, and like your mother be content with the feelings.'

Thus day after day,
Our time passed away,
While our affairs did awry go,
Though by poverty bent,
We all were content,
In the beautiful city of Sligo.

When I grew bigger, in good luck I crept,
To learn all my letters did I go,
Oh, Father O'Fogarty, faith, 'twas he
kept,
The very best college in Sligo.
But all sorts of learning,
So quickly discerning,
The rest of the scholars I gave 'em the
by go,
For reading or writing,
Or jumping, or fighting,
I was the best scholar in Sligo.

Spoken—Och, to be sure I was—Father O'Fogarty said so to himself—Paddy, says he to me, Paddy, my boy you are a clane young man, and

short make you my taiben—and so I did, and I named Dermot D'Anghor and Peter Galvin and Mike O'Bryan and Jerry Ryan, and the ould biddy Malony. Och, Biddy was the best of learning among them, and I learned her and she learned me, and faith we wanted no learning at all. And a sudden I got posseh the fact I couldn't eat my prates, and my mother axed what was the matter. 'What's the matter, Paddy,' says she. 'Faith,' says I, 'I don't know. All I know is, that I want something more than prates. How do you feel,' says my father. 'Och, feel,' says I, 'I'm all feeling from the sole of my head to the crown of my foot. I feel all over as if I belonged to somebody else. When I go to sleep I lay wide awake, and all day long I walk about just like a drama. And what do we drama of?'—says my father. 'Biddy Malony,' says I. 'Fire and tariff—says my father, the boy's in love! And, faith, so I was—up to the armpits.

Thus day after day, &c.
So my father he took me directly from School,
And bade me to clean the pig-stye go.
He said such warm work would make my love cool,
And bring no disgrace upon Sligo.
My pride was quite hurted,
To be so diverted,
To clean out the pigs then deuce a bit would I go,
And so with my parents,
I got quite at varents,
And resolved to bid good bye to Sligo.

Spoken—My father gave me a bating for a blessing. My mother gave me a handful of ten-pennies. Good bye, Pat—says she—behave yourself like a gentleman, and you shall never want a father while your mother is alive. Good bye, mother—says I. So I went out and took adieu full lave of the cow, and my brothers and sisters, and the dog, and the pig-stye, and all other animals. Good bye, sow—says I. 'Heaugh,' says she. Good bye, little pigs. 'Week-ek!' says they. Good bye, cowey. 'Bo-oo-oo!' said he. And then I thought I'd see Biddy first before I did go. 'Och, Pat,' said she, 'are you there, and where are you going wid your bundle?' Faith, says I, 'I don't know.' 'Pl'go wid ye,' says she. 'Will ye,' says I. 'Aye,' says she, 'if 'tis to the other end of the world. Faith, Biddy, says I, that's just the place I'm going to. But if do go, Pat, will you marry me?' Faith, says I, 'that's what I will.'

So she packed up all her trifles,
And off then we went,
She gave her relations the bye go,
We married, and though
We are poor, we're contented,
Hag away from the country of Sligo.

WHITE

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R O S S Y

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGSTER.

POOR BILL, AND HIS RICKETY HEAD.

A new and popular Comic Song, written by Mr. John Heather, and sung at the London Concerts

Tune—The Werry Identical Flute.

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I crave your attention but for a few minutes
Whilst I with great modesty tell you my tale,
And when you have heard about all my disasters,
You'll say I've good reason my fate to bewail,
'Tis but a queer habit of nodding my pate, sirs,
That's caused all my sorrows and filled me with
dread,
For whenever I travel the chaps loudly bellow,
Oh! there's a rum cove—'twig his rickety head!
Tol de rol, &c.

But men, like these wicked boys, love for to tease
me,
And make my affliction their sport and their joy,
Instead of bestowing soft pity upon me,
They say I'm like Punch, too, that old fashioned
toy,
A Quaker one day as he pass'd by my side, sirs,
Turned round to face me, then lovingly said—
Friend! thee looks like a Chinaman stuck in a tea
shop.
You've got such a queer looking rickety head!
Tol de rol, &c.

Now, you know that all young men for spouses
should look, sirs,
To comfort their lives, and to keep them at home,
And I had a notion to follow the same plan,
Besides, I had not a great fancy to roam.
So in the *Times* journal I advertised fully,
And this is the substance of what I there said;
A very smart man is in want of a wife, sirs,
But I did not once mention my rickety head,
Tol de rol, &c.

The very next day a smart damsel called on me,
Who said that she wanted X. Y. for to see—
I told her politely—she was such a nice 'un—
That this was the house, and the subject was me.
'Oh, dear!' said she screaming—how sorry I
am, sir.
Your very appearance quite fills me with dread;
I fain would oblige you, but really I cannot,
You've got such a comical rickety head!
Tol de rol, &c.

With heart nearly broken, and quite disconcerted,
I rush'd to a playhouse to calm my sad mind,
When sorrow again came to wring my torn bosom,
And popp'd like a ghost from a curtain behind;
Scream'd out one why I thought that perpetual
motion,
Would ne'er be discover'd by many 'twas said,
But you see that was but a ridiculous notion
For we have it in yonder old rickety head!
Tol de rol, &c.

Then the folks say I'm silly, but how can you
wonder,
An American lawyer would sure be the same,
For love and disasters so quickly undone me,
That certain I am I shall not rise to fame.

I never can go to a party or dinner,
But misfortune comes o'er me, and fills me with
dread,
I'm sure to break glasses, or else spill the liquor,
And all through my villainous rickety head.
Tol de rol, &c.

You must know, too, one Sunday, I went out a

skating,
For a little amusement I being inclined,
The day being fine, I rigged out so gaily,
Resolving at home I'd no more be confined,
But scarce had I got on the ice, when—oh,
gracious!

From a board which said 'Dangerous' in terror
I fled—

It made me so nervous, it nearly proved fatal,
For down I fell whack on my rickety head!
Tol de rol, &c.

The blow nearly stunn'd me, and as I lay
sprawling
A chap bawl'd out loudly—'what's caused you
such fear?'

I returned him no answer, and then he so wildly
Seized hold of, and lifted me up by the ear,
Says he—my queer codger, I'll run for a doctor,
You're sure to recover as soon as you're bled,
But mind on the ice you must never again venture—
At least, while you've got such a rickety head!

Tol de rol, &c.

So, now I'll go home, and no more I will wander
About this rude town, to be scoffed at by all—
To be mock'd by the fair, whom I fain would be
wooing,
Or subject to every vagabond's bawl.
And if some drear accident should but befall me,
In peace I shall be from your taunts when I'm
dead,
And then for amusement you ne'er more can
tease me,
And sport with poor Bill, and his rickety head!

Tol de rol, &c.

VILLAGE MAIDS:

Whilst with village maids I stray,
Sweetly wears the joyous day;
Cheerful glows my artless breast,
Mild content the constant guest.

SOFT AS ZEPHYRS DYING.

Step as soft as zephyrs dying,
Thro' the window gently hieing,
Down the ladder quickly flying,
Trip as lightly and away,
Piano, Piano, now away.

HOME, THERE'S A STORM.

Home! there's a storm in the whistling blast,
Home, the sun is sinking fast;
The wild bird is rocking in his nest,
Sinks on the moss, the deer to rest,
Now for the fire-side's cheerful blaze,
Songs of mirth and tales of lays.

Home. Home.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

On the red field of war—
And the fair lands afar,
Their banners triumphantly wave,
There's not a shore—
That the wind whistles o'er,
But is trod by these sons of the sea,
And their proud vessels ride
Upon every tide,
Then gaily my burthen, &c.

Oh, the men of merry England
Where'r Jove's thunders are hurl'd
Bright monuments arise
Of their strong enterprise,
And their commerce gives wealth to the world
Still may it increase
While the fair hands of Peace
Shed plenty and blessings so free,
And as war's called again
Our rights we'll maintain,
Then gaily my burthen, &c.

I'm going for a Soldier Jenny.

I'm going for a soldier, Jenny,
Going o'er the rolling sea,
They've given me a golden guinea,
That they say has listed me.
It's no use to fall a crying,
Give your senseless weeping o'er,
Many a day you have heard me sighing,
you should have been kind before.
'Tis very fine and pretty, Jenny,
Now to wish that I should stay,
But indeed I'm thinking, Jenny,
We'll not meet this mady a day,
What if heart and spirit sinking,
What if I should come to shame.
Be it as it may I'm thinking,
You alone will be to blame.

Long and dearly I have loved you,
As you must full well have known;
If I had not faithless proved you,
I had never reckless grown.
But fare you well, the hours are flying,
Time it is that I was gone,
When next another heart you're trying,
Jenny look unto your own.

Faithless Nelly.

PARODY ON LITTLE NELL.

They told him gently she was gone
To the station house, and smil'd;
They led him to dark back cell,
Where laid his squalling child:
For gin she had sold everything,
And spent all she could borrow,
"In the station house she sleeps," says he
"She'll be out again to-morrow."

Six policemen bore her to her cell,
Next day before the break,

And for blacking a big policeman's eye
Mistimed ten bob a week.

Outside the court the old man who'd
Her into the ~~cell~~ with sorrow;
Says he "If I take you home to day,
You will be here again to-morrow."

They took her straight to Tothill Fields,
To grind wind on the mill,
But she screamed aloud for a drop of gin
They gave her an extra dril,
Six days after the old man saw
Her through the bars with sorrow,
Says she, "Old stick I'm lock'd now
I shall be out again tomorrow."

Next day is better far, 'tis said,
Who thought to home would stay,
Without a bonnet, shoe, or shawl,
At a ginshop bar she lay.
He took her to his empty home
In a barrow he bid borrow,
And as he laid her down, she said
"I'll be drunk again to-morrow."

My Wife likes a drop of good beer.

Let those of great gain,
Speak in praise of champagne;
Champagne makes real pain to appear,
There's nothing on Earth,
Has half so much worth;
CHORUS.
As a jug of good English beer
Town, I like my beer;
My wife she likes her beer;
And blow his eyes
Whoever tries
To rob us poor souls of our beer
Now I and my wife,
Have oft words of strife,
But she does soon in good temper appear,
If I say "come old gall"
Now both of us shall,
Have a good jorum of beer
For my wife she loves her beer
My old gall loves her beer—and blow his eyes &c
"Gaines Testators swear,
And persons declare;
But I can soon make it appear,
That when on the sly,
They will neither deny,
A swig at a drop of good beer
For my wife she likes her beer,
And I like a drop o' good beer,—but tell there
Now brandy and rum
Make the woman fit to come;
And old age it makes to appear,
But none stouter you'll see,
Than my old gall and me,
And swig nothing else but our beer,
For both of us likes our beer,
My old gall does like her beer,
And dall their eyes, who ever tries,
To rob thirsty souls of their beer

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

WHISTLING THIEF.

Whoo Bat came over the hill,
His Caleen for to see,
With Whistling loud and shrill
The signal was to me...

[Whistles.]
Oh, Mary, the mother said,
Some one is whistling, shure,
Oh, no, mother, 'tis only the wind,
hat's whistling under the door.
[Whistles a tune.]

Oh, I've lived a long time, Mary,
In this wide world, my dear,
But for the wind to whistle like that,
I never yet did hear.
But mother, you know, the fiddle
Hangs close behind the chink,
And the wind upon the strings
Is playing the tune I think—

[Grunts like a pig.]
Oh, Mary, I hear the pig
Uneasy in his mind.
Oh, but mother you know, they say,
That pigs can see the wind,
Oh, that's all very well in the day,
But there's one thing you might mark—
That pigs no more than we're seven hours
Can see any thing in the dark—

[Barks like a dog.]

Oh, the dog is barking now,
And the fiddle can't play that tune;
But, mother, you know, they say
That dogs will bark at the moon.
Oh, then, Mary, than how can that be,
When you know the dog is stone blind,
Blind dogs don't bark at the moon,
Nor fiddles be played with the wind.

Oh, I'm not such a fool as you think,
For I know very well it is Pat.
Shut your mouth, you whistling thief,
And get off home out of that.
And you be off to your bed,
Don't be playing on me your jeans,
For altho' I have lost my eyes,
I have not lost my ears.

Now, boys, when you go out at night,
Young girls, to see, do you mind,
Don't go too close to the house,
Unless the old woman is deaf and blind.
For they were once young, you know,
And forget they never can.
And they are sure to tell the difference
Between a fiddle, a dog, and a man.

YOUNG BARNEY MAGEE.

Song by Mr. Bryant.

This, "The Old Bog Hole."

The pig is in the mire, the cow is on the grass,
And a man without a woman is no better than an
ass;
My mother has a duck, and she's as like the drake
And sweet Judy Flannigan, I'd die for her sake.

My baby's skin like fair as the flower on the tree,
She's neat and complete from the neck to the knee.
We met t'other night our heart's to condole,
And I sate Judy down by the Oul' Bog Hole.
Singing, "Cushla mavourneen, will you marry me
Arrah, I cushla mavourneen, Will you marry me,
Would you fancy the bouncing young Barney Magee?"

Then Judy she blushed and hung down her head,
Saying, Barney, you Blackguard, I'd like to get wed.
But they say you're so rough, & you are such a rake,
Don't believe it, says I, for it's all a mistake.
To keep me genteel I'll work at my trade,
I'll handle the shovel, the hook and the spade,
The turf to procure, which is better than coal,
And I'll work to my knees in the Oul' Bog Hole.

Arrah! give me your hand, and consent just at once
Sure it's not every day you'll get such a chance;
When the priest makes us one, happy I'll be,
With the beautiful, dutiful, Mistress Magee.
Then the meal should be scarce, we'll have prates
enough,
And if you think long for more delicate stuff,
I'll take out the old rod which my grandfather stole,
And go fish for eels in the oul' bog hole.

Fine children we'll have, for we must mind
that,
They'll be Darby and Barney, and Looney,
and Patsy.
They'll be Judy so meek and Mary so bluff,
Oh, stop, stop, she cried, have you not got
enough?
I have not, said I, sure I'll not be content,
Till you bring home as many as days in Lent
How the neighbours will stare when we go
for a stroll,
When we promenade round the Oul' Bog Hole

By the hokey, says she, I can scarcely refuse
Barney, the blarney you know how to use
You have bother'd my heart with the picture
you've drawn,

If I thought I might trust you the job
might be done.
Holy murder, says I, do you doubt what I say
If I thought I would convince you, I'd
swear half a day;
O no, she replied, It's of no use at all,
Then she whispered consent by the Oul' Bog
Hole.

Then give me a kiss, my joy and delight,
Be aisy, you blackguard, until its all right
Sure, after we're wed we may kiss and
condole,
And fish for the sole in the Oul' Bog Hole

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black-bat, night, has flown ;
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine splices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose has blown :
For a breeze of the morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of a son she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood
As the music clashed in the hall,
And long by the garden-gate I stood
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood
Our wood that is dearer than all.
Queen Rose, of the rose-bud, garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done.
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen, lily, and rose in one.
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower near the gate—
She is coming, my dove, my dear—
She is coming—my life, my fate !
The red-rose cries “she is near ! she is near !”
And the white-rose weeps “she is late !”
The larkspur listens—“I hear ! I hear ?”
And the lily whispers “I wait.”
She is coming, my own—my sweet ;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed—
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had it lain for a century dead—
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red !

OER HAVEN'S BLUE VAULTED CANOPY.

From the Opera of Louisa Miller... G. Verdi.

O'er heaven's blue vaulted canopy,
Stara like ten thousand diamonds bright,
Seemed born to grace her loveliness,
The sweet and tranquil summer night.
Hand clasp'd in hand so lovingly,
Heart twined with heart so tenderly,
Hope played around so joyously,
Yet she, alas ! proved false to me.
Yet she, alas ! proved false to me,
Yes, she proved false to me.

Oh ! what an angel's voice was hers,
Tuneful as singing melody :
Fairer than woman spoke before,
“Love me,” she said, “I love; I love but thee.”
Then mute and almost motionless,
Filled was my soul with ecstasy—

Raptured with accents musical,
Yet she, alas ! proved false to me.

Yes, she proved false to me, and

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOWED BRIDE.

By G. Verdi.

Oh ! once her eyes were diamond-bright,
E're sorrow dim'd them with a fear ;
Once her step was fairey-light,
Her silv'ry voice so soft and clear.
But now her heart with anguish breaks,
And hushed is every dulcet strain.
Silent and sad her way she takes,
She'll never smile again.

She'll never smile, she'll never smile again.

Alas ! that one so young and fair.
So innocent and free from art,
Should be consigned to sad despair ;
Thus soon to bear the mourner's part.
Yes, now her lonely way she takes
To where they parted all in vain.
Her heart in silent anguish breaks,
She'll never smile again.

She'll never smile, she'll never smile again.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Summer moonbeams softly playing,
Light the woods of Castle keep ;
And there I see a maiden straying,
Where the darkest shadows creep.
She is list'ning meekly, purely,
To the woeer at her side ;
‘Tis the “old, old story,” surely,
Running on like time and tide.

Maiden fair, oh ! have a care ;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple,
Lordly doublet speaks his lot ;
She is wearing hood and wimple—
His the castle, her's the cot :
Sweeter far she deems his whisper,
Than the night-bird's dulcet thrill ;
She is smiling, he beguiling—
Tis the “old, old story,” still.

Maiden fair, oh ! have a care ;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

The autumn's sun is quickly going,
Behind the woods of castles keep ;
The air is chill, the night winds blowing,
And there I see a maiden weep.
Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching,
The “old, old story,” sad and brief ;
Of heart betray'd and left nigh breaking,
In mute despair and lonely grief.

Maidens fair, oh ! have a care ;
Vows are many, truth is rare.

7

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

THE MARTIAL WIFE, or, WHITE SERGEANT DRILL.

As sung by W. G. Ross. (Copyright.)

(Air—"Unhappy Jeremiah.")

Of all the plagues of wedded life,
I surely can't believe there
Is one that causes so much strife
As our new scarlet fever.
My blessed spouse from morn till night,
Despite all my persuasion,
Drills me by sun and candle-light
To get ready for invasion.

She wants me to join the rifle club,
A shoe club I think better.
She says I am a timid snob,
And she will if I'll let her;
She calls me coward and paltron,
And loudly swears the fact is,
She would as lief have a bacoon
As a man devoid of tactics.

On literature she's turn'd her back,
Except the army news,
Talks only of powder magazines
And the splendid park reviews.
Of muslin pieces I ne'er hear,
On gun muzzles she ne'er ceases;
For bobinet she reads bayonet,
And cartridges for creases.
The Family Herald she declares
She values not a crumpet,
And takes that office on herself
To blow the family trumpet.
She says my darling little boys,
In number just thirteen, sirs,
When they've done fighting 'mongst themselves,
Shall then fight for the Queen, sirs.

I've now been wed some fifteen years,
And tho' oft in a passion,
I'd ne'er shed a tear, till these volunteers
Began to come in fashion.
I say confound invaders all,
Their aiders and abettors,
And let us hope that better times
Will bring us to our betters.

THE FISHER GIRL'S WATCH.

*A Popular Song, as sung by Miss A. Courtney,
(Copyright.)*

(Music at Purday's.)

WHY art thou wandering alone on the shore?
The wind's blowing cold and the white
breakers roar.
O, I am wandering alone by the sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me.
For the gale it's blown hard since the darkness
of night,
And I've been watching here since the dawning
of light;
Looking through tears on the dark rolling sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me.

Last night when our father put forth on the deep,

To our cottage returning I lay down to sleep;
But while the soft wings of repose shadow'd me,
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea.
I thought in a dream 'twas my father that spoke,
But alas, to the voice of the tempest I woke;
And the father I dreamt of was far off at sea,
Oh, why in my dream call'd my father to me?

Vainly I look through the fast driving gale,
Hopeless I see what hope fancies a sail;
But it's only the wing of the seagull flies by,
And my heart sinks with grief at the bird's wailing cry,

For the storm must blow hard when the gulls come on shore.
O that the fisherman's toil were no more
Than the gift of the wild bird to flit o'er the sea.
O angels, thy wings bear my father to me.

BABES IN THE WOOD.

A popular Song, as sung by Mr. Ross.

(Music at Purday's.)

My master's a squire and I am his man,
Gallop a dairy dun.
Though I follow him I don't follow his plan,
Gallop a dairy dun;
We have wander'd about until it grew dark,
And the nightingale sang instead of the lark.
Cho.—With my haly, gall, rambo, raily,
Gallop a dairy dun, dun, dun.

In following our nose should we both lose our way,
Gallop a dairy dun.
Like wanton cattle or sheep that go stray,
Gallop a dairy dun.
Entangled in bushes, quagmire, or tree,
What two pretty babes in the wood we shall be.
With my haly, &c.

My master he's going to challenge a knight,
Gallop a dairy dun,
But I'll woo the cook while he's at fight,
Gallop a dairy dun.
Honour and glory is all that some see,
But eating and drinking's the glory for me,
With my haly, &c.

Master's in love with a gay lady fair,
Gallop a dairy dun,
In that I should like to come in for my share,
Gallop a dairy dun,
From my master's embraces this lady doth flee,
And I fancy she's casting a sheep's eye at me.
With my haly, &c.

She's plenty of money, and I have got none,
Gallop a dairy dun,
And we'll be off together as soon as a gun,
Gallop a dairy dun.
Let him bear up with his losses as well as he can,
If he behaves I will take him as my serving man.
With my haly, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

THE POETICAL TINKER.

Sung by W. G. Ross. Air, Travelling Tinker.

ALTHO' I am a tinker, I'm a pretty knowing blade,
I've got a cutting way with me, and can handle
well my trade;
Pots, pans, crocks and nick-nacks I can mend,
and make a kettle,
And as I have plenty brass I'm of course a man
of mettle.

Cho.—With a ran, tan, tan,
Pots, kettle, or pan,
With my ran, tan, tan, tare, Oha!

SPOKEN.—Then I tinker a little in poetry, and
this is some of it in my tin-pot way:

Nature made all natural things,
Nature made bees and gave them stings,
Nature made man and man made money,
Nature made bees and bees made honey.

With a ran, tan, tan, &c.

I'm not above my business, I'm at their beck
and call.
I try to do my best with jobs, I am sure to please
em all.
My charge is very moderate with lasses and with
lads,
And they can't say I'm very poor while I'm
always handling braids.

With a ran, tan, &c.

SPOKEN.—And I solder them up with a bit
of poetry when it's with the lasses. I gives it
'em thus:—
Love it is a mighty fire what heats the soldering
hot,
And it sets the blood a'billin' just like pea-soup
in a pot;
When love's fire is once lighted it will flare up
with not no doubt,
And all the water in the river can't put true love's
fire out.
So, fair maids, mind what you're arter, and when
a poor lad does his best,
Do, girls, as you would be done to—I dare say,
girls, you know the rest.

With a ran, tan, &c.

So I travel through the country, the' my journey's
never long,
I'm always whistling some new tune or singing
some old song.
I know all signs upon the road where good old
ale is sold,
And where the prettiest lasses are I need not
to be told.

With a ran, tan, &c.

SPOKEN.—And when I gets alongside of the
landladies I don't forget to remember my poetry,
and I doesn't spare my rosin. I hammers it out
in this style:—

At the sign of the Sun there an angel does well,
At the sign of the Moon there's a goddess,
At the old Rose and Crown there a young rose
does dwell.

As e'er wore a bonnet and beddie,
At the sign of the Ship there a mermaid resides,
At the Rainbow, with colours as splendid,
Lives a jolly stout dame, and her temper so pride,
That it's really too good to be mended.

With a ran, tan, &c.

FAMILY PAINTINGS. IN THE

As Sung by W. G. Ross.

Air—"Old Folks at Home."

That every family has some failing
I believe it to be;
Therefore it's no use my railing,
The cause is nothing new.
I've got some unruly daughters
Who will their own way roar;
Their fame is known in various quarters,
And I can't keep them at home.

Their ways and actions makeme weary
So on the brink I remain,
My path is lonesome, sad, and weary,
I'm heartily sick of home.

My Jane has pick'd up with a Bobby
Fond of rabbit pie.
Martha dresses out so nobby;
Modest on the sly.
Mary comes home rather early,
Upright she scarce can stand.
Betsy's young man's name namm'd Curly;
He sells tiller with sand.
Harriet nightly goes out singing,
No shoes on her feet.
Maria does the Highland fling;
On a small board in the street.
Charlotte wears her mother's clothes out,
We dar n't say wrong she does;
So embonpoint our Penny shows out,
Much more than she was.

Jemima romps about the crescent
With fast young men in straps.
And Curly, to make things more pleasant,
Brings home a lot of chaps.
Julia and Kate turn up their noses,
Their principal delight's
To go to Bal Masques, and do the poses
Dress'd in fleshing tights.

THE CADGER.

As Sung by W. G. Ross.

Air—"Poor Mary Ann."

A lazy cadger I was born,
To earn my bread I held in scorn,
I found it a far better plan
To act the dodge of a poor young man.

With cedar pencils in my hand,
Or sticks of sealing wax, I stand,
The green ones' hearts I do trepan,
By working the dodge of the poor young man.

I'm ne'er caught begging in the fact,
So I don't infringe the vagrant act,
And let the law do what it can,
I work the dodge of the poor young man.

But being poor is not the stitch,
So now I'm trying to get rich,
And I will alter when I can,
And work the dodge of the rich young man.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

BOBBY WHITE & BETTY BROWN.

A very Popular Comic Song, as sung by

W. G. Adelene.

(Music at Davidson's.)

In London once a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Betty Brown;
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
(SPOKEN—And was considered to be)
The best-looking girl in the town.
With a chooral, &c.

Her age was nearly twenty-one,
Her eyes were sparkling bright;
A very lovely wench she was,
(SPOKEN—And for a year and a day and a few hours she had a sweet heart)

Whose name was Bobby White.

Now Bobby was a nice young man,
As any to be found;
And Betty loved him dearly.
(Brown—But as he was poor he could not make his suit agreeable to)

Old Mr. and Mrs. Brown.
With a chooral, &c.

Her parents were resolved
Another she should wed—
A rich old miser in the place.
(SPOKEN—And when Betty betrayed the real state of her sentiments, Old Brown swore the crown-right out of his hat that rather than his daughter should have him Bobby he would)

Knock him on the head.

With a chooral, &c.

But Betty's heart was brave and strong,
And as for Bobby White so bold.
(SPOKEN—Having with the exception of
Betty, he didn't care a fig for)

The whole race of the Browns.

With a chooral, &c.

But this Old Brown was a rascal,
And he loaded his old gun,
And then pursued the loving pair,
(SPOKEN—And shot them just as they'd got half-way to the parson's, and then they)

Started off again.
With a chooral, &c.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim,
Right at young Bobby's heart;
But oh! it was a burning shame—
(SPOKEN—For he made a miss-fire, and shot his only daughter, and he saw her)

Drop right down stone dead.

With a chooral, &c.

Then anguish fill'd young Bobby's heart,
And vengeance crack'd his brain;
He drew an awful jack-knife out,
(SPOKEN—And plunged it a thousand and one times into Old Brown's body, which made it a very doubtful case if ever he would)

Come to life again.

With a chooral, &c.,

THE SAILOR'S RIBBON.

(By permission.)

Words and Music by S. J. Hack. Sung by Miss M. M. Alpine.

She wears the sailor's ribbon,
With an anchor in the bow,
But 'twas not pride ador'd the breast
That rocks it to and fro.
A tale of honest love it tells,
And acts no meeker part;
She wears the sailor's ribbon,
E'en she won a sailor's heart.

Where is that roving lover? Peace—
Peace to his noble form;
The deep sea cancell'd all his vows,
Lions fierce whelm'd storm.
She wears the sailor's emblem,
For he's shrined within her heart,
'Tis the immortelle of mem'ry,
Truth and love that cannot part.

MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.

Sung by Mr. J. Horsham.

Words by John Legge. Music by E. Land.

Ten years ago we were young,
Birds winging through each forest glen,
What merry lays we've sang!
We climbed the rugged mountain sides,
And call'd the bright, top'd heather;
Methinks it seems but yesterday,
Since we were boys together.

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
Since we were boys together;
Methinks it seems but yesterday,
Since we were boys together.
There's gladness in remembrance, John,
Our friendship's been true;
In all the weal and woe of life,
No change that friendship knew.
We've miss'd some lowly ones, one by one,
And twined our wreaths of heather
In fancy, as we've deck'd their tombs,
Since we were boys together.

Since we were boys, merry, merry boys,
Since we were boys together;
Unalter'd is our friendship, John,
Since we were boys together.

I need not bid thee ponder, John,
You know our prime is o'er,
The flow'r, the nest, the hummin' bee,
For us will char'm no more.
And our frail forms are fading fast—
We could not bound the heather,
As hand in hand, with gladsome browns,
We did when boys together.
When we were boys, merry, merry boys,
When we were boys together,
Through many sunny years, friend John,
May we yet live together.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

The Soldiers Reward.

Duet 2nd Part.

J. A. Hardwick

CAPTAIN:— Ah! 'twas a mad Charge, that, at Balaclava, serjeant; and the worst of it is, those who caused it, escaped. There was no want of heroes, who fell and left their bones to blanch there. But high birth, titles, and honors, like charity, cover a multitude of sins setjernt, or else *sowebody* might not be called the hero of Balaclava, after all.

SERJEANT:— Well, captain, I think ther's been no want of heroes anywhere; and everyone gets his reward, at last, if not in this world at the last grand Muster-roll and parade above.

O.—That's a consolation, Serjeant, and I hope they'll find it so. They who starved within half a mile of plenty, here frozen in sight of blankets, and yet forgot their own horrors, and wept to behold the skeleton troop horses knew one another, for very hunger.

C.—Captain you are almost too democratical for the army. The chance of war—all the chance of war; perhaps.

C.—No not when men are purposly famished, and told by those, whose duty it is to send them succout, and who leave a handfull of men to hold out against a well fed army like the enemy at Kars.

S.— Too democratical, captain — it wont do, you'd make the army dissatisfied, and mutiny.

C.— No, no — soldiers know when they're treated, and officer'd well; and no favour shown to foreign mercenaries, but they'd not like to have done all the hard fightidg abroad, and get no pay, while regiments of lavy foreign humbugs stop here do nothing, but cut up John Bull, and then amuse themselves by stabbing free born Britons.

S.— Well, well, my brave fellow— excuse me— captain—but I always felt an interest in them, when I recruited for the service. It's all over now, for a while, and we shall know better, next time, should a war break out which we dont pray for, but if it does, shall be prepared, if need be, to beat all the despotisms in the world, with France and England allied,

C.— Well said, serjeant, for—

Partant pour le Syrie.

C.— Should typhus all on earth unite,
To crush fair liberty;
Why France and England, in the fight,
Would always conquerors be.

S.— The day may come, when beat of drum
May summon us to advance;
Then look ye groaning nations, then,
To England and to France.

S.— Aye, that's it captain, things look queer about world just now. No one knows how soon the flames of war may burst out: then if it's not for England and France, I think the Continent will stand a damned poor chance.

C.— Right, sergeant. But, however, I've told you my adventure, abroad; now you must come with me, and relate yourself home, among the lasses, and all that, over another flagon. I dont think you'll pick' up any more flats about here. I think the last fool left the village when I departed.

S.— Do you regret it then?

C.— Regret it, no, only joking. So right attention stand at ease, we'll—

“Cigars and Cognac”

Both.

March on our tired spirits to recruit,
At the swinging sign of the “Golden boot”
We'll call for a joint, to make a lunch,
And in a bowl the landlord's punch—
Wash it down

Off off we go, to tell a soldiers' story.
Of dangers escaped, and battles gory,
And oh viv le roi —cigars and cognac,
Hurrah — hurrah — hurrah —
On them we'll bivouac

Oh vive le roi—
Cigars and cognac.
(Chorus ad lib)

We'll goto Church to-morrow, Fanny.

New Parody on “I'm leaving the in sorrow, Annie

Sung by Mr. H. Clifton. J. A. Hardwick.

We'll go to church to-morrow, Fanny,
We've courted now six years;
And aint that long enough, Fanny,
So dont you have any fears,
But that we'll keep the pot a-boiling,
And I'll work with might and main,
Every day at labour toiling
And wont scarce touch a drain.

We'll go to church to-morrow, Fanny.

If our money lasts, dear Fanny,
When our first one comes to town
We'll ask your mother, dad, and granny,
To a feed and do it brown.
And as the kids go on increasing,
Until we've got a lot,
We'll never about care be pining,
Nor for troubles care a jot,

So we'll go to church to-morrow, Fanny.

11

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

DINING OUT UPON A CHRISTMAS-DAY.

(Written expressly for this Work.)

New Comic Song. J. A. Hardwick.

Air.—"Tight Little Island."

I wended my way upon last Christmas-day,
Pursuant to an invitation,
To the house of a friend, where they did intend
To have a rare jollification,
To keep up its commemoration,
With pleasure and exhilaration;
And now I'll tell you, what I had to go through,
Thro' going to this grand collation.
There were lasses a few, with black eyes and blue,
Each ready for dance or flirtation,
And what with the belles, the children, and
swells,
Quite a tidyish size congregation;
For the feast they'd made great preparation,
At the table each one took his station,
And all pegged away, quite happy and gay,
At the Christmas jollification.

The dinner being done, begin did the fun,
And each of us sung in rotation,
Then a dance was proposed, and partners disposed;
And really to my observation,
The girls were the best in the nation,
With nought at all like affectation;
And one charming love, Miss Julia Dove,
I looked on with great admiration.
Her soft hand I squeezed, she seemed rather pleased,
When, to my intense indignation,
A chap with a beard came up, and he sneered,
Till I was all exasperation.
And Julia felt great agitation,
While he, with a rough intonation,
Of voice, cried, "Sir, if with Miss Dove you stir
In a waltz, I'll give you castigation."
Now here was a fix, for fully feet six
He stood, while my own elevation
Was not up to five—I could have let drive,
But gave it a bit hesitation,
Then asked for a calm explanation,
What he meant by that observation,
When right in my eye, the fellow let fly,
At the Christmas jollification.

I couldn't stand that, but took up my hat,
And beckoned him, with desperation,
To come out and fight, although it was night,
And I did feel a slight trepidation,
For he had a great reputation
For being good at "pummellation,"
While the ladies all laughed, and the gentlemen
chaffed,
At the Christmas jollification.
We had a set-to: in a moment he threw
Me into a great perspiration;
And proved he could whack me just like a sack,
At half-an-hour's expiration.
But I bore it all with resignation,
Though not liking the humiliation;
And with a black eye I bade a good-bye
To the Christmas jollification.

I found that this gent, to the party who went,
Causing me and Miss Dove's separation,
Was her regular beau—which I didn't know—
And she looked on him with approbation,
And daily was in expectation
Of taking a bride's situation. [Intends,
Now we're very good friends, and asking me he
To their wedding-day jollification;
And mean, if they live, next Christmas to give
A recherche jollification.

TOM BILKINGS.

As Sung by W. G. Ross. Air—"Ballooning."
TOM BILKINGS, my friend Bill, now, what is it
you mean?
You promised to take me gipsying, but I have
never been;
And as how among the strawberries a-scampering
we'd go,—
But I'm afraid it's all my eye, it has not turned
out so. It has not turned out so.
You know, my old friend Bilkings, you borrowed
half-a-crown,
And promised in a day or two to pay the money
down;
But nothing of the sort, Tom, has ever taken
place;
I wonder that you ar'n't ashamed to look me in
the face.
So when you next come here, Tom, let the half-
a-bull come too,
Or else you'll make things look so black they will
make you look blue;
And don't you pitch it off so strong or I'll pitch
into you,
And instead of being two in one, I'll be one too
much for you.

THE JOLLY BLACKSMITH.

As Sung by W. G. Ross. Air—"Tan-ta-ra."
At the dawn of morning early
I my cheerful toil begin,
While the maid I love so dearly
Peacefully slumbers yet within.
Light of heart, I warble daily
Many a quaint and pleasant rhyme,
While my hammer, clinking gaily,
To the merry notes keeps time.
Cho.—tan-tan-a-ran-ta-ra.

In this life no greater pleasure
Can this faithful bosom prove—
What to me is golden treasure,
Happy and content with love.
If perchance a cloud of sorrow
O'er my heart to-day should lower,
Surs a brighter sun to-morrow
Chases off the gloomy shower.
My nut-brown ale and friend combining,
I heed not what vain gossips say,
While garlands round my heart are twining,
Culled from flowers fresh and gay.
And then I hear my sweet girl singing
As she trips it down the stair,
While my merry anvil ringing,
Chimes "Good morrow, maidens fair."

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

MRS. JOHNSON—NEW VERSION.

As Sung by W. G. Ross. First time Printed.

(Copyright.) Air—"Nancy Dawson."

I LEAD a free and happy life,
A stranger quite to noise and strife;
I've got an angel of a wife—
Her name is Mrs. Johnson.
I live at will and at my ease,
Do what I like, nowhere I please;
And, that's what I call just the cheese—
And so does Mrs. Johnson.

In roaming I take great delight,
And sometimes I step out all night;
Sometimes with peeler have a fight—
And so does Mrs. Johnson.
And when I do take a whim
In the Serpentine I take a swim,
Among them all do I plunge in—
And so does Mrs. Johnson.

It was one night the other week
In my head I took a freak,
To act as a posse plastique—
And so did Mrs. Johnson.
But as if the fiends would spit their spites,
When I thought I was all to rights,
Blow'd if I didn't burst my tights—
And so did Mrs. Johnson.

To give my passions just a lull,
I on the river took a pull,
And tried to feathering a skull—
And so did Mrs. Johnson.
But I found it a great joke,
I in the water missed my stroke;
I caught a crab, my skull I broke—
And so did Mrs. Johnson.

To a party I'm invited out,
And what with brandy, ale, and stout,
I shall get sew'd up without a doubt—
And so will Mrs. Johnson.
But if I from lush refrain,
I shall be all right, that's very plain,
And sing before you all again
About lovely Mrs. Johnson.

A SPICY GIRL WHO SOUGHT FOR SWELLS.

A Popular Parody on *Shells of the Ocean*, as Sung by W. G. Adams.

ONE Summer's eve, to kill dull thought,
I'd wandered far from my own door,
Just with the girls to have some sport,
As I had often done before.
I seemed to walk in dreamy spells,
I heard a voice in accents mild,
'Twas a spicy girl who pick'd up swells;
At first I thought her but a child.

She toy'd around me in sweet play;
Then she took me by the hand,
And with my watch she cast away;
Thought I, she's old upon the stage.
How artfully she me beguiled;
She gather'd swells of every age,
Though at first I thought her but a child.
She gather'd swells of every age,
Though at first I thought her but a child.

THE DEMON STRANGER.

As Sung by W. Adams. Air—"The Admiral?"
It's very hard to think of it, it almost makes me swoon,
When reflecting on my cruel fate the night I
I knew the landlord wouldn't wait, by the messages he sent;
And that he'd put the brokers in unless I paid.
At twelve o'clock the remanived, we pack'd our traps so snug,
And to the carman, as a palm, I gave him a full
I saw a stranger watching us, did I see him? Old Nick as soon as fine sheet the moon.
For I saw it was the broker's man, who watched
I whispered, First drive to the left, and then
drive to the right, kept in sight,
Whichever way the goods were sent this stranger
At last, to know his real resolve, I was intent to try:
I said, Do you go far this way? he only answered,

I merely said, For company, as far as we may go;
He took no sight, then gave a wink, and then he answered, Oh! I thought a boon;
A chimney-pot upon his head I should have
Or anything to stop this spy, just while I shot the moon.

Loudly to the carman I said, Drive me to Bow,
Right, cried the Demon Stranger, just where I want to go.
I have been!
When half-way there, I said, Oh dear, how foolish
For, all the time, I meant that you should drive
to Turnham-green.

Ah, Turnham-green will do as well, the Demon Stranger said, I made with a load.
For I've a friend, who lives just there, will suit
I sent my goods to Horsleydown, and then to Hampstead-road; I [with] his lady.
At last the carman said, My horse is lick'd
We got into a roadside inn, the stranger, too, of course,
I grogged him up until he got as groggy as the horse;
The horse, by this time, got a rest, and the man fell on the floor. I [dumb] lock'd the door.
Then off we went, having lock'd him in and

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts free from guile,
To sing in the praise of old Ireland's Isle,
Where true hospitality opens the door,
And friendship deems us for one bottle more—

One bottle more, one bottle more,
And friendship deems us but for one bottle more.

At a tavern one night, I will sing of a set
Of six Irish blades who together had met.
Four bottles apiece made us call for the score,
And nothing deame'd us but one bottle more—
One bottle more, one bottle more,
And nothing deame'd us but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
Where the least touch thou knew makes an Irishman roar,
So a whack from shilalah brought six bottles more,
Six bottles more, six bottles more,

A whack from shilalah brought six bottles more.

Slow Phoebus now peep'd through the window so bright,
Quite happy to view her blessed sons of the light,
So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
And the next time we meet we'll have twelve bottles more—

Twelve bottles more, twelve bottles more,
The next time we'll meet we'll have twelve bottles more.

—J. S. Edson Jr.

Parody on "Why did she leave him?"

Why did she leave him?—Oh dear! What a bother
And fuss they are making everywhere;
The reason I'll tell you.—why, she had another,
And to call her "Deceitful" is hardly fair.
He would step out all night with girls in the fashion
And would leave her in sorrow, which you know
is a sin,
He would drink like a fish, had a terrible passion,
That's one of the reasons why she has left him.

They say he is "United," but that is a blunder,
In a drunken frolic—make no mistake he is all there,
He would hollo and bawl, and roar like the thunder,
And quarrel with all when he went to the fair.
He was jealous and ~~wan~~ and very conceited,
And if got married she knows what would begin,
A pair of black eyes would be often repeated,
And this is a reason why she has left him.

She has married another, and he keeps a carriage,
At least so the poet, who wrote of her, say,
It's a donkey and cart,—I've no wish to disparage,—
Her pride's only seen when she goes to the play,
But if she walks out in the evening ~~heavily~~
And sees her old boar, when drinking gin,
She quick hast home, thanks her stars by the powers,
And she is now very glad that she has left him.

The Fisherman's Daughter.

Written and composed by S. Lever.

" Why art thou wandering alone on the shore?
The wind it blows cold, and the white breakers roar!"

" Oh! I am wand'ring alone by the sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me,
For the gale it blew hard through the darkness of night,
And I'm watching here since the dawning of light—
Looking through tears o'er the dark rolling sea,
To watch if my father's returning to me."

Last night, when my father put forth on the deep,
To our cottage returning, I lay down to sleep ;
But, while the calm of sweet sleep came to me,
The voice of the tempest was waking the sea.
I thought, in a dream, 'twas my father that spoke—
But, oh! to the voice of the tempest I awoke ;
Ah! Why in my dream call my father to me?

Vainly I look through the fast-driving gale—
Hopeless I see what Hope fancies a sail ;
But 'tis only the wing of the sea-gull lifts my eye,
And my heart it sinks low at the bird's wailing cry :
For the storm must blow hard when the gull comes on shore.
Oh, that the fisherman's gift were no more
Than the gift of the wild bird to guard o'er the sea!
Good Angels, thy wings bear my father to me!

Ever that flea.

By L. M. Thornton.

Air.—" Ever of Thee."

Ever that flea my shoulder is biting,
Thy sucking fang my spirit doth tear,
Soon as thou on my body alighting,
Venison don't yield a daintier morsel dear,
Still at my back thy sting I am feeling,
Every sharp bite wrings curses from me,
And ne'er till fits between thumb and finger,
Can I forget thy sharpness to me,
Morn, noon, or night, where I chance to be,
Ever thou'ret biting horrible flea.

Ever that flea when morn is appearing,
Slyly he sneaks like a culprit away,
No need a doctor to order a blister,
He'll raise the skin ere you Moses can say.
Why should a physician be never Physician,
Why bleed a patient you wish me to prove,
Because he's often the Hospital's walking.
If that's no answer I'm beaten by Jove.
Morn, noon, or night, where I chance to be,
Ever thou'ret biting horrible flea.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

From Balfe's New Opera, "Satamella, or the Power of Love." Sung by Miss Louisa Pyne.

Recitative.

Myself once more, this day I cease to play ;
All woman new, my soul resumes her sway.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

Though conscious love his wakeful heart denies
In dreamful visions let me charm his eyes!
One blissful moment, in my true form seen;
Be love enthron'd, his fancy's worshipp'd Queen.

There's a power whose sway
Angel souls adore,
And the lost obey;
Weeping evermore,
Doubtful mortals prize
Smiles from it above.
Bliss that never dies,
Such thy power—oh, love!

Source of joy and woe,
Foilier of stern hate;
Lord of high and low,
Woman calls thee fate,
Fierceness owns thy spell,
Vulture thou, and dove,
Language cannot tell
Half thy power—oh, love!

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

See, these ribbons gay, streaming,
I'm a soldier now, Lizette;
Yes, of battle I am dreaming,
And the honour I shall get,
With a sabre by my side,
And a helmet on my brow,
And a proud steed to ride,
I shall rush on the foe.
Yes, I flatter me, Lizette,
'Tis a life that well will suit
The gay life of a young recruit.

We shall march away to-morrow,
At the breaking of the day;
And the trumpets will be sounding,
And the merry cymbals play;
Yet before I say good bye,
And a last sad parting take,
As a proof of your love,
Wear this gift for my sake.
Then cheer, up my own Lizette,
Let not grief your beauty stain,
Soon you'll see the recruit again.

Shame, Lizette, to still be weeping,
While there's fame in store for me;
Think when home I am returning,
What a joyful day it will be,
When to church you're fondly led,
Like some lady, smartly drest,
And a hero you shall wed,
With a medal on his breast.
Ha! there's not a maiden fair,
But with welcome will salute,
The gay bride of a young recruit.

We are coming Sister Mary.

Founded on the superstition of a portion of the Coloured Race, that the approach of death is forewarned in "Dream Song."

Sung by Christy's Minstrels.

Arranged by J. Wade.

On a stormy night in winter,
When the wind blew cold and wet,
I heard some strains of music,
That I never can forget.
I was sleeping in the cabin,
Where lived Mary fair and young,
When a light shone in the window,
And a band of singers sung—
We are coming sister Mary,
We are coming by and bye,
Be ready sister Mary,
For the time is drawing nigh.

I tried to call my Mary,
But my tongue would not obey,
When the song so strange had ended,
And the singers flown away.
As I watched, I heard a rustling,
Like the rustling of a wing,
And beside my Mary's pillow
Very soon I heard them sing—
We are coming sister Mary, &c.

Then again I call'd My Mary,
But my sorrow was complete,
For I found her heart of kindness
Had for ever ceased to beat,
And I now am very lonely,
From summer round to spring,
And I oft in midnight slumber
Think I hear the same ones sing—
We are coming sister Mary, &c.

Phoebe Dearest.

Phoebe, dearest, tell, oh! tell me
May I hope that you'll be mine,
Oh, let no cold frown repel me,
Leave me not in grief to pine,
Tho' 'tis told in homely fashion
Phoebe, trust the tale I tell,
Ne'er was truer, purer passion,
Than within this heart does dwell.

Long I've watched each rare perfection,
Stealing o'er the gentle brow,
Till respect became affection,
Such as that I offer now.
If you love me and will have me,
True I'll be in weal and woe,
If in cold disdain you leave me,
For a soldier I will go.

Little care the broken heart,
What their fate in life may be.
Phoebe, if we once are parted
Once for ever it will be.
Say then yes, or blindly, madly,
I will rush upon the foe,
And will welcome, oh, how gladly,
Shot or shell that lays me low.

The sunny hours of childhood

The sunny, sunny hours of childhood,
How soon, how soon they pass away,
Like flowers, like flowers in the wild wood,
That once bloom'd fresh and gay;

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

But the perfume of the flowers,
And the freshness of the heart,
Live but a few brief hours,
And then for age depart.
The friends, the friends we saw around us,
In boyhood's happy days,
The fairy, fairy links that bound us,
No feelings now displays;
For time hath chang'd for ever,
What youth cannot retain,
And we may know oh! never,
These sunny hours again.

Fair shines the Moon To-night.

Fair shines the moon to night,
Out from her cloudless height,
And many a lady bright
To music is list'ning.
Come love and roam with me,
Far o'er the sparkling sea,
Whilst beaming down on thee,
Bright stars are glistening.
Ply the oar lightly,
Steer, boatman rightly,
Where the halls brightly,
Rival the day.
Why should such tones decay,
And fleetly pass away,
Hark to that roundelay,
And music so cheering,
Such lovely melody,
Echoed far o'er the sea,
Night's slumbers cannot be,
To me more endearing.
Our way now retracing,
Homeward rejoicing,
Repose soon embracing,
Hail, dearest home.

The other side of Jordan.

I look'd in the east, I looked in the west,
I saw John Bull a-coming accordingly;
With four blind horses driving through the clouds,
To look at the other side of Jordan.

CHORUS.

Pull off my old coat, and roll up my sleeves,
Jordan is a hard road to travel, I believe.
Thunder in the clouds, lightning in the trees,
And what do you think I told him?
Was good by, Sam, to the next kingdom come,
Till I meet you on the other side of Jordan.
The Sovereign of seas she came to Liverpool,
In less than fourteen days, accordingly,
Johnny Bull wiped his eyes and look'd with surprise,
At the Yankee ship from the other side of Jordan.
There were snakes in Ireland not many years ago,
Saint Patrick saw the vermin all a-crawling;
He up with his shillelagh, and hit 'em on the head,
And he drove 'em on the other side of Jordan.

There was such a dreadful shindy and mutiny in India.
Sir Colin Campbell's gone there according;

And with our British boys we will tame the black Sepoy's
And will drive them to the other side of Jordan.

There is nothing but stagnation among the British nation.

The banks are all fading to according;
I am very much afraid if we don't get better trade
Will be going to the other side of Jordan.

Jonas lived three days in the belly of a whale,
Three days and two nights, too, according;
He tickled him with a straw which caused him to laugh,
So he chuck'd him on the other side of Jordan.

The ladies of England have sent a big address,
About slavery and horrors too according;
But they'd better look at home to their own white slaves,
That are starving on the English side of Jordan.

Adam and Eve lived in the Garden of Eden,
Eating all the best fruit according;
Adam laid Eve under a gooseberry bush,
A-looking at the other side of Jordan.

Adam and Eve wore out their old clothes,
They had nothing to put on according;
So they tied fig leaves round the middle of their waists,
To cover up the other side of Jordan.

I'm leaving thee in SORROW, Annie.

I'm leaving thee in sorrow Annie,
I'm leaving thee in tears;
It may be for a long time, Annie—
Perhaps for many years.
It is more kind to part now, dearest,
Than linger here in pain,
To think of joys that once were brightest,
But never can come again.

I'm thinking of the past, dear Annie,
When your locks were bright as gold;
Your smiles were soft, but now, dear Annie,
Our hearts seem growing cold.
It was not time that stole the blossoms,
From off thy cheeks so fair,
But winter come soon upon them,
And chill'd the flow'rets there.

The last Rose of Summer.

"Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh;
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on thy stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves over the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scented and dead.
 So soon may I follow
 When friendship's decay,
 And from love's shining circle,
 The gems do drop away.
 When true hearts be wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh! who could inhabit
 This bleak world alone.

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely,
 Wandering afar, my soul's a joy to dwell—
 Ah, then I felt I loved thee only,
 All seemed to fade before affection's spell,
 Years have not chill'd the love I cherish'd—
 True as the stars hath my heart been to thee,
 Ah, never till life and memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
 Morn, noon and night, where'er I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.

The happy days of Childhood.

I've wandered oft in childhood,
 With playmates blithe and gay,
 O'er flow'ry field and meadow,
 And gathered sweets of May.
 We've sported near the elm tree,
 That grew beside our cot,
 Oh, the happy days of childhood
 Can never be forgot.
 How well I can remember
 The sports we us to play.
 So dear are they to memory,
 It seems but yesterday,
 And oft I sport in fancy,
 Within the self-same spot—
 Oh, the happy days of childhood
 Can never be forgot.
 And oft times in my slumber,
 Methinks that I am near
 Those ever fond belov'd ones,
 In childhood's home so dear;
 But waking from that slumber,
 How changed I find my lot—
 Oh, the happy days of childhood
 Can never be forgot.
 Then bless the steps of childhood,
 And let their sports be gay,
 That they at least in memory,
 May live to bless the day.
 When they were blithe and happy,
 In palace or in cot—
 Oh, the happy days of childhood
 Can never be forgot.

In a valley fair I wandered o'er its meadow path—
 ways green,
 Where a rippling brook was flowing like the spirit of
 the scene,
 I saw a lovely maiden with a basket brimming o'er,
 With sweet buds, and so I asked her for a flower
 and nothing more.

I chatted on beside her, and I prais'd her hair and
 and eyes,
 And like roses in her basket, on her cheeks saw
 blushes rise;
 With timid looks down glancing, she said "will
 you pass before?"
 But said I, "Now all I want, is just a kiss, and
 nothing more."

So she shily smiled upon me, and we still kept
 wand'ring on,
 What with smiling, blushing, chatting, soon
 a brief half-hour was gone;
 Then she told me I must leave her, for she saw the
 cottage door;—
 Not I until I'd rifled just a kiss, and nothing more
 Thus for weeks and months I wood her, and the
 joys that then have birth,
 Made an atmosphere of gladness seem encircling
 all the earth.
 One bright morning at the alter a white bridal dress
 she wore,
 Then my wife I proudly called her, and I ask for
 nothing more!

The Men of Merry England.

Sung by Mr. Henry Watkins.

Oh! the men of merry, merry England,
 Search ye the wide world around,
 And take ye the best—
 From the East to the West,
 Where are there such to be found?
 The herald of fame—
 Attend on the name,
 'Tis a passport to all that is free,
 On the sea or the land,
 Ever foremost they stand—
 Then gaily my burthen shall be,
 The men of merry, merry England,
 The men of merry, merry England,
 Let the bottle pass—
 And toss another glass,
 To the men of merry, merry England,
 To the men of merry, merry England,
 The bravest of all that are brave.

EVER OF THEE.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
 Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer,
 Thou wert the star that mildly beaming,
 Shone on my path when all was dark and
 drear,
 Still in my heart thy form I keepeth,
 Ev'ry kind word, like a bird's kiss to thee.
 Ah, never till life and memory perish,
 Can I forget how dear thou art to me.
 Morn, noon and night, wherever I may be,
 Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee.